

Two Families

-I've spoken to Mrs Murphy.

-How Fifties! Mrs Murphy's Boarding House.

-Not really. Just a pretty spacious bungalow with an empty in-law apartment.

-I see Dad more as an intrepid **captain**! Pushing that shopping cart through billowing **seas**!

-Uh huh. Well, Mrs Murphy'll take three hundred a month to house him. Though Mr Murphy acidly insists, that it should be a thousand! So, anyway, hundred from each of us, if...?.

-Have you even **looked** at the stock market lately?

-And Marcus wouldn't allow me to give even a penny. He's, like, **freedom**!

-Well, perhaps we could work out a method whereby...?

...

-Well...anyway...that's it, then? A shame you two can't help. But I'll talk to her again. And the social worker. May be other ways to get him off the streets.

-We think he likes his life just the way it is!

-Yeah! Not really a question of money then, is it?

At The Murphy's

-Well that's family, isn't it? Can you handle two hundred on your own?

-I suppose. But Mr Murphy, now rapidly approaching us...!

-I'll do what he's told.